Daily Eagle

A CELEBRATED SPECULATOR.

Jim Keene's Unsuccessful Career in New York—His Uptown Flat.

James Keene, the celebrated speculator, is living this summer in a rented cottage of a very plain character at Far Rockaway, to which place he goes every night, giving more time to his family in these days of privation than when he was at the top of the social and speculative world. Persons who know him say that he sometimes has to borrow his fare over the ferry, not that he is so desperately hard up, but that he has pinched his expenses at every point in order to get square with the world and have another start. He is of a rather cold bearing, and is accused of having too much confidence in himself, so that from time to time he has lost the support of powerful men who would have, with a little solicitation on his part, helped him through.

Mr. Keene's condition when he came to New York city was very substantial. He had at least $4,000,000, and was presumed to have in California further backing. He arrived in the city when there was no leader to Wall street, and the brokers came around him with hungry eyes to get his orders. One of those brokers, who has made $3,000,000 by his commissions, has refused to carry stocks for him of late, and another who is deep in his account would not even carry 200 shares for him. He was one of the chief inventors of the grain speculation coincident with the stock market. He was sharply reproved for having put speculation into the necessaries of life, and in the end he lost $3,000,000 in wheat, following the advice of Rufus Hatch. It is said he met Hatch at the tape measure, who was reading the quotations with his eyes full of tears, and he blubbered: "Keene, if you don't help me I shall break." Keene went to his assistance, and Hatch showed him how a great deal of money might be made, but it ended in Keene being a great loser. He also made a heavy loss in the Hannibal and St. Joseph corner, where John R. Duff, of Boston, had attempted to scoop the whole street.

A friend of Duff incautiously said to another person at a restaurant table: "The man you see yonder is Jim Keene, and we are going to break him." This person bethought it well to go and tell Keene, whom he had not previously known. Keene found that he was in the toils, so he got to work quietly and began to buy this stock, and for some of it he paid as high as 85, and the same stock he ultimately sold at 70. He made the most of his money in Northern Pacific preferred. He believed himself in 1877, just after the Pittsburg riots, when he became a bull, worth $40,000,000. When he sold his race horse, Foxhall, he was already hard pressed, and unable to leave the city lest his absence might be interpreted as fright or desertion. He had no person to send but a woman, who had taken a sympathetic view of his case and was a good negotiant. She sold Foxhall to Lord Rosebery for $25,000, which was $2,000 more than Keene expected. Keene's flat uptown is said to bring him the comfortable sum of $1,800 a month. It is no great amount of money to a man still in the street, satisfied that there is no future for him unless he reestablishes himself there.—"Gath" in Philadelphia Times.

Maids of Coppery Hue.

We met a party of Indians on the march, journeying in the true Indian fashion, to visit friends or relatives on another part of the reservation. No one who has not experienced this absolute loneliness on the plains can dream of the interest of such an event. The cavalcade, in long drawn out Indian file, was led by a handsome girl astride her pony, and an old woman, with another girl still handsomer perched on the high seat of a lumber wagon. Both young women wore the flowing, picturesque garb of the Dakotas; one was of a peculiarly vivid green calico, much affected by them; their cheeks were lighted up with a trace of carmine, their glossy black braids uncovered and their necks and arms loaded with a species of circular, pinkish white shell, which is rather costly and excessively becoming. These ornaments, in fact, have a marked Roman character.

One of our party immediately accosted these Indian beauties, but, with averted head and a gesture of feminine dignity, they referred him to the men of their party. A fine looking old man, who drove another lumber wagon, announced himself with dignity as Red Leaf—a name we knew for that of one of the principal chiefs through whose village we had passed. He asked if this was the new agent; but when he learned that it was the "Chief Holy Man" and "Gray Hat," he instantly climbed down from his lofty seat and shook hands with much courtesy and impressement.—Elaine Goodale's Letter.

Why She Loved Children.

On North Madison street lives a handsome young lady, and though there is nothing strange or startling about it, this young lady is engaged to be married to an equally handsome young gentleman. For some reason, of which we know not, the maiden has the reputation of carrying beneath her fair exterior a heart of flint. The aforesaid young gentleman had been duly warned of this but believed it not. Recently he accompanied her to the home of a neighbor to spend the evening. They were sitting out beneath the trees; it was exceedingly warm, and it required an effort to keep comfortable. A little child of 4 summers toddled up to the young lady, she took it up, and, fondling it, remarked: "I dearly love to hold the little ones such weather as this." A thrill of joy ran through the young man's heart. Here was an evidence of tender-heartedness, although it struck him as rather strange the weather should have anything to do with it. "And why especially on a night like this?" he asked. "Because the mosquitoes, that are so bothersome, settle on the tender little things and let me alone," she replied. The entanglement is broken.—Peoria Call.

He Can Shave Everywhere.

"Oh, yes! I can manage it anywhere," said the stout gentleman, as he lathered his face in the toilet room of a Pullman sleeper. "I can shave on a steamer, in a railway train—any place where I can have elbow room."

"Never cut yourself?" asked the conductor, as he watched the stout man making gingerly dabs at his whitened face.

"Oh, yes; sometimes a nip or so, but not badly."

"Even that is not necessary," said the conductor. "Look at this," and he pulled out of his pocket a small box about two and a half inches long. "It is a patent safety razor. You see, the handle screws on here, and these comb-like prongs allow the beard to slip through, and yet not cut your face. This scheme will beat any amount of skill, for it is independent of all lurches that happen by land or by water."—Philadelphia Press.

Serious Errors in Teaching.

It is evident that most of the serious errors in teaching can be avoided by a more thorough knowledge of the subtle processes by which the unfolding of a young mind is accomplished, and the influence of older minds upon them.

Locke and Lessing both declared that the secret of learning was to learn one thing at a time; and it is the radical fault of our public school system that we overload children's minds with too great a variety of studies, which is rather worse than overloading their stomachs.—George Parsons Lathrop in Boston Globe.

An Irish setter at Moncton, Can., is said to have traveled forty miles in three hours.

Henry Irving states that he is in the habit of receiving thirty manuscript plays a week.

Hubert O. Thompson's bill at the Hoffman house, in New York, averaged $37,000 a year.